Thos. Jolley Esq.r F.S.A.

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THE
Court of Conſcience

Or

Dick VVhippers Seſsions.

VVith the order of his arraigning and
puniſhing of many notorious, diſſembling,
wicked, and vitious liuers
in this age.

By RICHARD WEST.

Math. 25. verſ. 34. 41.
Venite beati, abite Maledicti in ignem æternum.

Imprinted at London by *G. Eld*, for *Iohn Wright*,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop adioyning
to Chriſt Church gate. 1607.

To his very louing friend and Maister, Mr. *William Durdant*, and his *very friend Maister* Francis Moore:

RICHARD WEST, wisheth all health and happinesse.

Many and sundry are the gifts and presents which are sent betweene friend and friend, of valew according to the habilitie of the sender. Some present gifts of great worth, as Plate, Iewels, and such like, others meaner things. My selfe finding my owne estate but of a weake kinde, am bold insteed of such gifts, onely to bestow part of my braines fruite vpon you both, presuming that it will be kindly receiued, though it be but of a small moment or valew. By the one of you I assure my selfe (at least am in good hope) it will bee kindly receiued as a simple present from the Seruant to the Maister. The other (in lue of many good turnes at your hands already receiued, and not any way requited) I make the rather bold to connex in the partaking of the same: humblie requiring you to be a kinde of Side-men in the assisting

of Dick Whipper *and his Iewrie in this ſeſsion to ayde them with your iudgements in the pronouncing the ſentence of condemnation againſt the malefactors at the arraignement, hauing and being of that opinion, that you will not onely iudge without partialitie at this time, but alſo be ready in your foynes to attend the iudge, at the next Court day, when I beleeue a greater malefactor will be brought in, then the worſt of theſe: In the meane time, Ile beſpeake a new Whip which ſhall ſtick cloſe to his ſides as euer his ſhirt did.*

Yours in any ſeruice:
R. W.

THE PREFACE.

IN the beginning when the Lord of hoſtes,
After his image liuely face and feature;
Created man in all the lands and coaſtes,
And for their ſuccors euery liuing creature.
He did ordaine in lue thereof each day,
That they ſhould praiſe his bleſſed name for ay.

All lands and people then he did deuide,
And parted them with watrie ſurging ſeas,
A ſundry language ouer and beſide,
He did appoint to men for better eaſe.
With vnderſtanding of each others minde,
That ſo they might be to his lawes enclinde.

Which lawes or ſtatutes were by him erected:
Declaring them to man on *Sinay* mount,
Through *Adams* ſinnes from *Paradiſe* abiected,
He vowd aday of Iudgement for account,
Of euery ſinne or vaine offence Comitted,
Which Cannot be without his mercy quitted.

And knowing well that man of his owne nature,
Was moſt vnapt t'obſerue his holy word:
He did erect his plagues for euery Creature,
Ordayning for them hunger, fire and ſword,
And finding waighty ſinnes of man abound,
The whole world men and all he deeplie drownd.

Sauing his ſeruants whome he did apoint,
Noah and his family to be in arke:
God of his mercie only did anoynt,
Thoſe eyght to liue within the ſelfe ſame barke.
Hauing of euery creature with them two,
For worlds encreaſe which after ſhould enſew.

This is moſt credible the time is paſt,
Approu'd of truth before we liu'd in age:
The ſinnes of man yet being apt to laſt,
Procure the Lord to anger, wrath, and rage,
But what ſhould I of theſe things meane to write,
The holy Scriptures plainly them recite.

But as concerning this our latter time,
Conſidering by the aboundance of our dayes:
To greater ſinne mans nature's apt to clime,
Which is a meane that Sathan ſprenges layes,
To catch the ſonnes of men by ſubtile guile,
Into his Nets, and ſo their ſoules to foile.

God (as before time) for the better peace,
And keeping vnder of each wicked wight:
In euery land true duty to encreaſe,
Hath plac'd a Prince to rule the people right.
Whoſe ſwords & Scepters beare ſo great a ſway,
That they expell diſorders quite away.

But oftentimes the kindeſt man in ſight,
He that will handle tongue in ſmootheſt ſort:
To ſimple meaning man doth ſeeme a light,
Yet ſlilie creepes and bites him to the heart.
Which glauering people being leaſt ſuſpected:
Liue in that order long time vndetected.

But God creator of the world and man,
Finding the hearts of ſuch to be corrupt:
Reueales to world and people now and than,
The ſlieſt plots and treaſons moſt abrupt.
Which in the hearts of ſuch are cloſely hid,
At length from world ſuch members he doth rid.

Dick

Dicke Whipper now (mans conſcience 'tis I meane,)
Knowing the guiltie hearts of euery ſort,
Hath ſummoned a meeting, where all men,
Are to repaire in perſon at that Court.
Aſwell the rich as poore, the good, as bad,
The wiſe, as fooliſh, reprobate and mad.

A Iewrie of the beſt hee hath appointed,
To be impanneld on the worſer ſort:
And ſit in Iudgement with him as anoynted,
To be the pillers of Celeſtiall Port.
For whom he hath elect a Princely coaſt.
For th'other, whipſtock, whip, and whipping poaſt.

The deeds of good hee doth pronounce in Court,
To th'endleſſe praiſe and comfort of their ſoules:
The others miſdeeds to their endleſſe hurt,
He hath engroſſed faire in his Court roules.
The good ſhall weare and haue the heauenly Crowne,
The other feele the whip to pull him downe.

The names of the Iewrie.

Good Counſell.	*Charitable Benefactor.*
Vpright Iudge.	*Careſull parent.*
Zealous patron.	*Obedient Child.*
Faithfull Miniſter.	*Sure Friend.*
Godly Magiſtrate.	*Peace-maker.*
Loyall Subiect.	*Lowly minded.*

Good Counſell.

STarre of the Senate, light of all the land,
Truths cheeſe ſupporter, piller of aduice,
Miſhaps preuenter, leader of the band,
Out of Captiuitie Iewell of great price.
Guard to thy King, country and peoples health,
Wiſdomes way-maker roote of common-wealth.

Vigilant waker when that others ſleepe,
The King and Countries good, that ſeekſt to find:
To heare the wofull plaints of ſuch as weepe,
Oppreſt by their ſuperiors moſt vnkinde.
Helping with thy aduice that to redreſſe,
That otherwiſe would countries bane encreaſe.

To framing of good lawes thou lend'ſt thine eare,
With purſe and helpe in ſeruice of thy Prince;
Countrie and neighbours with a tender care,
Of being forward people to incenſe.
To the right ſeruice of Almighty God,
And breaking ſuperſtitious heauie clod.

Be thou as fore-man in this Iewrie graue,
Receiue a robe befitting ſuch a wight:
Let giue thy ſentence, 'gainſt deceiptfull knaue,
Be to his hid deceit an open light.
Receiue of people thankes and worthy praiſe,
In heauen of God, the crowne which neuer decaies.

Vpright

Vpright Iudge.

VVIth grauitie and with indifference,
Thou equally doſt Iudge all things in right
With Iuſt ſealed waightes,& with an euen ballance,
Thou waiyeſt cauſes in the publique ſight,
Of all the world not tendring bribe or fee,
Which ſhewes the feare of God to ſtand in thee.

The Heauens maker and the earthly Kings,
Hauing reſpect to that thy Godly care:
For trewly waying all vnequall things,
Haue plac'd thee in a princely ſeat full rare.
Which place of their owne perſones deſtitute,
They haue appointed thee to execute.

Allowing thee not onely worldly ſubſtance,
For thy aduancement fore the face of men,
But honorable tytle and preheminence,
Ouer all other people where and when
Different Cauſes are to be decided,
That by thy wiſdome all may well be giuded.

Aſwell in Controuerſies and debates,
As in diſorders toward King and land,
Comitted by outragious runagates,
Rebellious Traytours or any other man,
Thy golden wiſdome is with grace enamelld,
Wherefore we craue thee here to be inpannel'd.

Zealous Patron.

Patterne of Pitey which with trembling feare,
Moſt willingly to houſe of God repaireſt:
Attentiuely his holy word to heare,
Spreading abroad thy braunches with the faireſt.
And hauing taken talent from the Lord,
Doſt not the ſame within the ground vphord.

But makeſt vſe of euery part thereof,
Not putting Candle vnderneath a couer:
As doth the Careleſſe ſeruant with a ſcoffe,
Concealing heauenly ſecrets from his brother.
All thy delight is in the houſe of prayer
Thy contemplations ſound into the ayer.

Thou ſitteſt not in an vn-Godly ſeat,
Nor yet thou ſtandeſt in the ſinners way,
Thou art elect of God the Lord ſo great,
As Choſen veſſell him thou doſt obey,
Studying each time, each hower, each day, and night,
How to find out the heauenly pathes aright.

Thou ſtandſt in feild vnder the Croſſe of *Chriſt*,
In his defence and ſeruice euery hower:
Vnmoueable and firme there doth conſiſt,
Thy faith in God acknowledging his Power.
Grace light vpon thee ſtand in Gods defence,
Gainſt ſinfull wight to heare the euidence.

Faithfull

Faith full Miniſter.

HEauenly Phiſition for the feeble ſoule,
Miniſtring Phiſicke of a pleaſant taſt:
Of comfortable hearbes ſpirituall,
Excerped from the Godly gardens waſt,
Clothing that naked ſoule in Godly rayment,
Thou ſhalt receiue an heauenly ſeat for payment.

Thy ſilly flocks in pleſant paſtures greene,
Goe feeding, fat, and full of Choyſed flowers:
Not penn'd nor pounded in a pinfold keene,
Yet ſtill defended from the rauening powers,
In ſpight of *Romiſh* ſheppard and his traine,
Thou grazeſt with them on the pleaſant plaine.

Thou leadſt them not among the thornes and briers
Tearing their fleeces, neither doſt permit:
Their carcaſes to ſticke in clammy myers,
They walke ſecure from deepe and daungerous pit,
Then guid we pray thee with thy ſheppards hooke,
Thoſe of this Iurie from a partiall Crooke.

Take place among them, paſſe thy Iudgement freely,
According as thou find'ſt the guiltie mate:
Sift out and ſearch their crafty dealings neerely,
That being opened men may ſee the ſtate.
Wherein theſe foule and execrable Crew,
Haue liued in ſpight of other men and you.

Godly Magiſtrate.

LIke wall to Cittie in a Godly care,
Thou doſt encompaſſe thoſe the which thou gui-
Vpholding them in truth and virtue rare, (deſt
And from that forme and order neuer ſlideſt,
Whip to diſordred, riotous and rude,
Crowne, to the Godly, virtuous and good.

Within thy liberty thou doſt forecaſt,
To benefit the place wherein thou dwelleſt:
And all with plenty ſtill thou ſurely haſt
Vicious and wicked members thou expelleſt.
Weeding out cleane the Couchy ſtinking weed,
That faine within the ground would ſhed her ſeed.

To the ſicke-man moſt apt th'art to extend
Thy Phiſicke, therewithall to raiſe him vp:
To lame thou art a Crouch, an eye to blind,
The feeble Creatures Comfortable cup.
The orphans poore thou houereſt with thy wings,
From the extortioners accurſed ſtinges.

Now in this Iury we moſt ſurely meane,
That thou ſupport and ayd vs with thy helpe:
As the fift ballaſter wheron we leane,
For puniſhment of wanton fooliſh whelpe.
Vnruly Creatures are ſo ſprung and growne,
That of neceſſity they muſt be mowen.

Loyall

Loyall Subiect.

IN trew obedience and loyalty,
With tendreſt care of Princes will performing:
To peoples good and Princes royallty,
Pretended miſcheifes ſtill thou art reforming.
Moſt ready th'art to ſhew and eke to doe,
Thy beſt endeauour to giue *Cæſars* due.

With might and maine continuall vigilancie,
Still preſt to armes and ready in purſewing
The trayterous hart full ſtuft with arrogancie,
To that corrupt harts downefall and vndoing.
Ready to boult and prudently to ſift,
Their ſecret treaſon and their Crafty ſhift,

To patefie the Erronious ſectes and ſchiſmes,
Which are ſo blazd and ſowne in many places:
Heretecall vnfaithfull Atheiſmes,
And treaſons toward Kings imperiall graces,
Vpholding ſtate of land and Iuſtice ſeat,
Thou doſt abandon each diſloyall feate.

In this high court or ſeſſion for reproofe,
Of domyneering ill diſordred mate:
Thou art elected one in the behoofe,
Of heauenly throne and high celeſtiall ſtate,
To giue thy Cenſure with vnfained heart,
Gainſt malefactious knaue for his deſart.

Charitable Benefactor.

THou which with pitty in thy heart art moued,
Towards the needy ſoule with care oppreſſed,
Thou bleſt of God, of earthly men beloued,
For helping of the Orphan ſo diſtreſſed.
Comforting widdowes, ſaluing ſick-mans ſore,
Aiding the ſimple, with fall of thy ſtore.

Not as a greedy mizer which doth hoord,
All in his cofers till his day of dying.
And at the laſt like cormorant abſurd,
Is forced to diſtribute bed-rid lying.
But art with willing heart in readineſſe,
Apt to redreſſe the poore mans needineſſe.

We want thy helping hand to ayde vs here,
Being in place appointed for redreſſe
Of impious wrongs againſt the country deare:
Heauen graunt vs fauour, fortune, and ſucceſſe
To prime away the foggie mowldring moſſe,
Ore-growing fruitfull tree with filthy droſſe.

Spend now ſome time to honor of thy Lord,
The countries wealth, and ſubiects peacefull liuing:
In heauen thou ſhalt be paid, thy whole reward,
Thou ſhalt haue peoples praiſes and thankſgiuing.
With worldly wealth the Lord hath thee endued,
When by himſelfe the wicked were purſued.

Carefull

Carefull Parent.

TO heauens glory, and terreſtriall ioy,
The heauenly father, father to vs all,
Created man, and Sathan to annoy,
Hath by his ſonne releaſt him from his thrall.
Onely to worke ſaluation for that creature,
Which is of his proportion face and feature.

Thou vnderſtanding wherfore thou wert framed,
Haſt ſowne the godly ſeed of purpoſe culled,
To breaking of the wanton child vntamed,
When by perſwaſion he would not be ruled,
And haſt in godly nurture traind him vp,
From taſting of the *Romiſh* damned cup.

Inſtructing him in a religious kinde,
In knowledge of the heauenly fathers will:
Prouoking him, and putting in his minde,
The holy Scriptures that he may fulfill,
The duty that he oweth to God aboue,
To liue with neighbours in vnfeined loue.

It is moſt fitting thou ſhouldſt take a place,
To heare and to determine euery fault
Which is committed by the brazen face,
Of ſhameleſſe raſcall which is good for naught.
Their cheats and couſenages are abroad ſo plenty,
Of grace and goodnes world's euen almoſt emptie.

Obedient

Obedient Childe.

IN honor, loue, and true obedience,
Towards thy Parents dutifull and kinde:
Thou haſt endeuoured with dilligence,
To be ſubmiſſiue and of lowly minde.
All to enlarge, encreaſe, and to prolong,
Thy happy dayes, (as heauenly Fathers tongue.

Hath openly vpon the Mount declared,
In the pronouncing of his holy lawes:)
The path to heauens kingdome is prepared,
For thee to walke, ſuppreſſing helliſh clawes.
Which haue beene raking at the heauens anointed,
To walke the pathes forbidden and vnappointed.

Meeke in behauiour, courteous in ſpeech,
Lowly and reuerent to all thy betters:
Orderly giuen, loth for to impeach
Thy nurture, being train'd in godly letters.
Heauens dew be-water that young tender plant,
A ſweet encreaſe God grant it neuer want.

That as a ſecond *Daniell* it foreſee,
And prye into deceitfull falſe deuiſes:
Of falſe accuſing Elders, and to be
A Iudge to puniſh ſuch bad enterpriſes,
As are committed by a damned ſect,
Of rogues and vagabounds the Hels elect.

Sure

Sure Friend.

NOt like *Thirſites* enuious and repining,
Inmaledictious order thou haſt liued:
But prone and ready ſtill to be adioyning,
In friendly amitie and neuer grieued.
To be a loyal and true hearted friend,
In caſe of charge aſſured to the end.

Damon by right and title thou art called,
For to the laſt to *Pithias* thou didſt ſtand:
Before the tyrant proffering to be haled,
For him to death, and gau'ſt that tyrant band
For his forth-comming, which had he but ſlackt,
Thy ſelfe for him had beene moſt ſurely rackt.

Thou haſt not with blanditious flatteries,
Soothd vp thy friend in hope of any gaine:
Giuing faire words, and turning them to mockeries
Tainting thy conſcience then to worke him paine.
But rather then to make thy friend a pray,
Thy ſelfe thou haſt endangered many away.

Caring for conſcience how thou maiſt vphold,
It guiltleſſe of reuealing ſecret things:
Moſt willing thou haſt beene ſtill to vnfold,
The miſchiefe which to friend a miſchiefe brings.
Then in this friendly knot come take a place,
To heauens glory, and to hells diſgrace.

Peace-maker.

TRoubled in minde at each diſſentious ſound,
Or motion of thy neighbours diſagreeing:
Thy chiefeſt care hath beene to find the ground,
Of all their diſcord, ſtudying and foreſeeing
The way to make an vniuerſall peace,
To bring the factious hearts to quietneſſe.

Who from the rootes of enuies hatefull branches,
Haue practiſed the moſt accurſt deuiſes:
Each againſt other plotting of miſchances,
To breed contentions and deteſted vices.
Cauſing not onely worldly expence and charges,
But ſecret malice, which ſoules paine inlarges.

Moſt worthy thou in the ſuperior place,
Bearing the title of the Child of God
Shouldſt haue beene ſet diſpoſing of that grace,
Committed to thee for reproofe, of odde
Diſordred creatures, foule and naughty doings,
Delighting falſhood, theft, and blood imbrewings.

In heauens ſeruice to the Fathers peace,
For executing Iuſtice, and vpholding
Of truth: and for the puniſhment of vice,
In iuſtice ſeat we place thee at vnfolding
Of thoſe diſorderly accurſed ſlights,
As haue beene vſed by vntamed wights.

Lowly

Lowly minded.

NOt ſurlie *Pompous*, ſcornfull fooliſh proud,
Though not of baſe houſe, ſtocke or parents
But lowly minded, meeke, and of a good (ſprung,
And kinde behauiour, with a gentle tongue.
Ready to bowe to mighty Potentates,
And humble to the poore and meaner ſtates.

A worthy brother not to be abiected,
From the ſocietie and godly knot,
(In heauens behalfe) of Iewrie here elected,
And now impannelled, hardly to be got.
Seeke all the world for twelue ſuch other more,
Youl' neuer find them in the earthly ſtore.

Therefore to Court and councell let vs hie vs,
Their guilty perſons ſhall be all brought in:
Like Iuſtice ſword my whip ſhall here ſtand by vs,
To take ſir Rogue and Raſcall by the skinne,
Come knaues and wretched whores with all your traine
Ile lead you trench-more to another ſtraine. (traine

Downe with your Triggens, ho me thinks you leap
Already round and capring on the toe:
How fine youl' iumpe when you behold my whip,
Ile cleach you ſoundly all before you go.
Ile teach you th'capers and the antick iumpes,
Put off your gaskins, quick, put on your pumpes.

To all and ſingullar Backbyters, Slothful teachers, Graceles Truants, Cokring Parents, Cheating theeues and Cutpurſes, Drunken Scoundrells, Highway haunters, Shifting Gaimſters, Whoremongers, Gluttenous Epicures, Tiraunts, and merceles Villaines, Coueteous Parſons, Proud Knaues, Extortioners, Idle Caterpillers, Profaine SWearers, Atheiſts, and Vnbeleeuers, Punkes, Baudes, Makebates and Tatling Goſpips, Liers, and Appleſquiers, Witches, Coniurers, and Enchaunters, Beggers, Idle Roges, and Counterfeit Madmen, Fooles, Flattring Maplefaces, Cruell Maiſters and Dames, and Vn-Godly Seruants.

KICHARD WEST wiſheth dew puniſhment ſoundly paid them for their deſarts and at the end of the Whippers Court trew repentaunce of ſinnes.

per Chriſtum dominum noſtrum. Amen.

CEaſe you ſad Nimphes your *Delia* to bemoane,
For ſhe a ioyfull life ſince death hath gained:
And you pale *Dimenes* daughters ceaſe to groane,
For *Phaeton* was for his folly pained.
The one by nature, but the other died, (pride
Caſt Downe by *Ioue*, from Heauen for his great

It greeues me ſore to ſee your ſad laments,
In the bewayling of ſo great your friends:
Looke but about who's this that parchment rents,

Sure

Sure he brings newes that to lamenting tendes.
Tis not for one alone to lend his eare,
For all are naught and ſo twill proue I feare.

Sure tis ſome Lawyer or ſome worthy man,
So by his habite he doth ſeeme to bee:
By his blacke gowne, his pen and inke in hand,
Paper and Duſt boxe, frowning face and eye,
He hath a ſcrowle all full of written names,
He calls in order Maiſters Men and Dames.

What ſhould it meane why tis no brewers clarke,
Clarke of no kitchen nor of any Church:
Steward of hell no no no who then? harke,
Ile ſtand a loofe and keepe out of his lurch.
He hath a great long launching whip behind him.
I cannot ſtealt I know not how to blind him.

Take heed my maiſters you with whom he reckons,
It ſeemes heele pay you all your wages ſoundly:
Ha, let me ſe whoſe that to whom be beckens,
Hees very briefe, he beginnes to call him roundly,
What fellowes that, that to him doth trudge,
There ſits a Iury by him, hees a Iudge.

Backbiter.

YOu Mai. Silke-ſtrings, baudy embleme maker,
Rimer and Ridler Come into the court:
Maker of ſongs by euery channell raker,
You are indited here what all a-mort,
Hold vp your hand heare your inditment read,
Twill coſt, y' a whipping ells Ile looſe my head.

And wherefore iſt? becauſe you ſpend your time,
All the whole day among your baudy queanes:
In ribauld talke and loathſome filthy rymes,
Stperfluouſly it floweth out in ſtreames.
Backbiting all men in a hidden ſort,
Come, come, vntruſſe, O here is gallaunt ſport.

And more then that for ſtill you doe inuent,
Sedicious like gainſt all men to exclame:
In baudie ballads being wholly bent,
In ſort vndecent men vnknowne to blame.
Thinking to excuſe your ſelfe by giuing quipps,
Gainſt thoſe that neuer deſerued your railing nips,

What ſhould I ſtand to tell you all your tricks?
I ſhould backbite men then as well as you,
Nor yet your rabbles altogether mixe,
It were an endles worke I tell you trew.
A Iayle deliuyry further I muſt make,
Of other knaues with you that ſhare a ſtake.

Slothfull

Sloth full teacher.

YOu that in gowne befurrd with rod in hand,
Like Dominator ouer ſilly boyes:
Beare ſuch abreadth among that ſilly band,
And make them with their babling keepe an noiſe,
Onely to blind thoſe that paſſe by the ſchole,
You ere endited here: *Come in you foole.*

Why you forſooth ant pleaſe you haue a ſlight,
To make a Monitor among thoſe apes:
Yar' there i'the morne and come no more till night
Next day you whip them all, theres none that ſcaps
Whoſe fault iſt that they loyter ſport and play,
Who ſhould be there he thats not there all day?

Thus by your negligence not onely you,
Spend time in vaine (the more ſhame for you ſir)
(Not like a Carefull man as others doe,)
But make poore ſilly Children to incurre,
There parents anger, and to ere in wit,
And practice ill, gainſt whome ſoeuer it hit.

Come, Come, vntruſſe, indeed y'ar in great fault,
I cannot ſpare you' faith I pray diſpatch:
Are you a maſter now you ſhall be taught,
How thinke you now ſir haue you met your match,
Heeres no commanding rod your chaire or ſtoole,
y'had ſped far better if y'had ſtaid at ſchoole.

Graceles

Graceleſſe Trewant.

YOu that can take your breake-faſt in your hand,
Your Pen and Inke, your Satchell at your back:
And blind your parents, you that muſt be mand,
To the ſchoole-doore like an vngodly crack.
For feare of running out mongſt cut-purſſe boyes,
To play at Trap, at nine-holes and ſuch toyes.

Neglecting that which for your ſake your friends,
To their great coſt would willingly beſtow:
All for your good, yet you to make amends,
Practiſe your owne pernitious ouer-throw.
Caſheiring all the dutie that is due
By Gods lawes to your parents all from you.

What is the meanes (but want of ſound correcting)
That in you fall beginning with a little:
Pilfring and ſtealing, all good courſe obiecting,
Til maiſter graũd-theefe makes you venture mickle
Then from Bride-well, Newgate, or other layle,
Either y'are hangd or whipt at a Carts taile.

By which good ſillie Fathers heauie heart,
With carefull mothers ſorrow toot' annexed:
Makes them repent each of them for their part,
Thy comming to the world th'are ſo perplexed.
Vntruſſe thou villaine, neuer be in hope,
Ile whip thee from the hang-man and the rope.

Cockering

Cockring Parents.

YOu wanton parents(that your propereſt terme)
The roots of wantonnes in euery child:
Supporting Childrens pleaſures ſo infirme,
By cocking of your lobkin louts ſo wild,
Still yeelding to them at each fond requeſt,
The ſames the way that makes a iayle their neaſt.

Here is the court there is a ſuit Comenced,
Againſt you ioyntly by a declaration:
Being found guilty you ſhalbe recompenced,
As is your child before the ſelfe ſame faſhion.
More guilty you are found then witles child,
For flattering him in glauering wiſe ſo mild.

When child to pilfering any way is bent,
Purloyning,lying,ſlaundring or debate:
Carying of factious tales found euident,
Or gilty of aſſiſting theeuiſh mate,
Wheres his receiuer ſooner then your ſelues,
Who lends more liſtning eares to make bate-elues,

Becauſe tis fit to keepe your children downe,
Which paraduenture youl' forget to doe:
Vntruſſe ſir knaue,and Ile put of your gowne,
Breech ,Smocke and Petticote I tell you trew.
Ile lace your querkes full ſoundly that procures.
Dericke to hang himſelfe and none of youres.

Cheating theeues & Cutpurſes.

VNgodly ſeignior, you that walke in ſhape,
Of a good gentleman with glorious tongue:
Though for a prey you altogether gape,
Trauerſing the Citty all the ſtreets along.
Beſiedging euery crowd in euery place,
And will vndoe a man before his face.

Hauing your inſtrumentall tooles and kniues,
To ſhew your cunning ouer labouring people:
Vndoing them, their children and their wiues,
You ſhew no pitty on the pooreſt cripple,
Come how it will, ſo you lay hold vpon't,
You care not if mens liues ſhould lie vpon't.

In fields and high-wayes, with purloined things,
As Buttens, Cambrick, Rapiers, and ſuch like:
Old Hats, or Cloakes, or counterfeited rings,
And ſuch like merchandiſe you dayly ſeeke.
To ouer-reach poore ſimple minded wretches,
In cheating wife by ſuch your Tiburne fetches.

Now foraſmuch as you play leaſt in ſight,
That Maiſter *Derrick* cannot ſeize vpon you,
I haue a deputation to indite,
All your whole ſect my bleſſing will come on you.
And with my whip Ile lead you ſuch a courſe,
Shall ſaue you riding on the three legd horſe.

Drunken

† the Hangman

Drunken Scoundrell.

THou that to Tipling and to quaffing ſtill,
Applieſt thy mind, and hateſt a vertuous race:
Carowſing euery houre with euery lill,
Gun-powder bellied with a bag-pipe face.
Till that with drinke thou art ſo ouer-blowne,
That all thy ſhameleſſe life is ſeene and ſhowne.

Reeling, and ſtaggering, and blaſpheming God,
With bitter oathes, and loathſome bawdie ſongs:
Thinkſt thou or not, haſt thou deſeru'd the rod,
By thy tranſgreſſing in theſe odious wrongs,
The holy Pſalmes on euery drunken ſeat,
Thou hãmereſt out when thou canſt ſcarſly ſpeake.

And with a thouſand curſings thou diſdaineſt,
Thoſe bleſſed creatures which the Lord hath ſent,
Thou makeſt no ſpare, for why? as king thou raig-
The head of ſinners: ready for to rent (neſt,
God in two peeces. Ah thou odious wretch,
I want a corde for thee to make thee ſtretch.

But ſince I haue no cord, I haue a whip, (wyer,
Looke here you knaue, here's whip-cord ſtrũg wth
Downe with your gaskins, now Ile make you skip
Out of your drunken skinne, and for your hyer,
Daunce *A charanto*, though you like not that,
Tis better ſport, then whipping of the Cat.

VVay-walker.

GEntlemen your charities for the loue of God,
Wee are poore Souldiers newly come from
In hard aduentures for you we haue trod, (*France:*
In ſturdie ſeruice, though it be our chance
In our owne countreys now to craue releefe,
We haue been Captaines, our exploits the cheefe.

When came you ouer? Friday ſeuen-night laſt,
God is our iudge, and to our great expences:
We had of forreine coine, well, that is paſt,
Ye'a ſpent it all among your pretty wenches,
No God renounce vs, by a ſtorme at Sea,
We were compeld to throw much goods away.

I you ſay well, but as I chaunſt to ride
To *Higate* ward, ſome ſixteene weekes ago:
Where you were ſtanding by the high-way ſide,
With euery one his trull, what ift not ſo?
'Twas but to craue an almes, it was no worſe:
You ſpake me faire, but tooke away my purſe.

You ſhameleſſe raſcals, thus you do abuſe,
The worthy name of ſouldiors by your roging:
You neuer were in ſeruice, you refuſe
To leaue this ſhameles courſe & kind of progging.
Come *Countus mountus*, downe with all your hoſe,
Your bums ſhall feele my whip, your ſconce the (blowes:

Gamester.

WHat *Mozus Auus*, with a paire of Dice?
Ready to ope a paire of holy Tables:
Fine nimble fingerd knaue, that in a trice,
Will cog a Die, and twenty other Fables,
Within this houre he ſcarcely had a penny,
Now for a hundred pound heele play with any.

Your tricks are ſirra, firſt to fetch men in,
Vnder a ſimple coulour that you vſe:
As ignorantly playing, firſt they winne,
You ouer-ſee your game, or ſo to looſe.
At laſt poore Butter-making *Iohn* begins,
Inſteed of money to go count his pinnes.

And further ſirra, you except no time,
For Carding, bowling, or any other play:
Sundayes or holy, when the Bels do chime,
Inſteed of Church you driely march away.
Into a Cookes ſhop, Alehouſe, tis your guiſe,
To meditate on pots and Mutton pies.

And in that ſeruice you remember God,
But how? by ſwearing by his heauenly name:
To deareſt friend you haue, you'l' winke and nod,
But cut his throat for two pence if you can.
Vntruſſe your trunkes, your taile and I muſt play,
A game at tick tack ere you paſſe away.

VVhoremonger.

NOw Caualiero you haue bene at Paules,
At forenoones ſermõ? whether walke you now
To Lincolnes Inne, the Temple, or the Rowles,
And ſo to Moore-gate to the Golden plowgh?
In the after noone youle walke a turne or two,
A bout Moore-field the grounds all leueld new.

The winds too high, the duſt flies in your eyes,
Tis paultrie walking there till th'elmes be growne:
A better place then that you can deuiſe,
Towards the Curtaine then you muſt be gon,
The garden alleyes paled on either ſide,
Iſt be too narrow, walking there you ſlide.

Into a houſe among a bawdy crew,
Of damned whores; I theres your whole delight:
Let purſe and time goe which way twill for you,
Buſſe me ſweet roge till moneys all gone quite.
Then curſe and ſweare how ſhall we doe for more,
At baudy houſe they goe not on the ſcore.

Then to high waye or other pillfring courſe,
You doe be-take your ſelfe to be maintaind:
Picking of locks or ells to ſtealing horſe,
After y'ar taken then you muſt be hangd,
Vntruſſe you raſcall, quick, diſpatch and ſtrip you,
For theſe your baudy tricks Ile ſoundly whip you.

Epicure.

BEane-bellied Churle thou filthy clenchpoop
Shaped like a butterfirkin ô greacy face,(clowne
Thy fame for eating ringeth through the towne,
To thy diſcredyt and moſt foule diſgrace,
If all day long thou doſt not eate and glut,
Thy belly thinketh that thy throat is cut.

Twenty poore men with that thou deuoureſt,
Would thoroughly be euery day content:
To ſee another eat or drinke thou lowreſt,
As all the victualls in the world were ſpent.
When thou haſt filld thy neuer-contented crop,
Downe like a dog thou fallſt to catch a nap.

Being awake thou vtterſt out the old,
And on a freſh begin to feed againe:
In *Plutos* regeſter thou art enrold,
As a cheife ſpoile-good, and a earthly bane.
To be the meane ſo manie people famiſh,
Thou ſtinkſt before the face of God moſt rammiſh,

Vntruſſe thou barrell; ô my ſweet child chopper,
Welcome to ſchoole to me ſeeſt thou my whip:
When thou haſt taſted ſome of my ſchoole butter,
Thy limmes will be ſo liethy thou wilt leap.
Hay, how he daunces, Pen and inke and paper,
To cronicle vp how nimbly he can caper.

Merciles Tyrants and Villaines.

FLint-harted cur moſt deueliſh and deſpitefull,
Making a ſport of enuious crewell deeds:
Tending to blood to whome it is delightfull,
To heare of any murther that exceeds.
Be it on aged man or tender child,
Thou thinkſt it cannot be to ſtraunge or vild.

Thy cheifeſt care is ſtill for new deuiſes,
How to torment poore ſilly minded creatures:
Crauing thy mercy for ſuch enterpriſes,
As be offenſiue by their ſilly meatures.
Talke not to thee of mercy nor forgiuing,
For thou wilt pardon neuer a creature liuing.

Now Maiſter Suck-blood I haue found a tricke,
How to requite your kindneſſe to the poore:
Three yards of wire and whip-cord in a whip,
I haue erected here and all to ſcoure.
Your carcaſe from the ſhoulders to the heeles,
Ile whip your skinne till all your carcaſe dreeles.

Vntruſſe your Pipdianos neuer quake,
I ſweare Ile neuer remit your bloody deeds
Diſpatch Ile make your pagatron to ſhake,
And giue you ierry lickum till it bleeds.
If this my penannce haue no power on you,
Next time the Diuell he will ſeaſe vpon you.

Couetuous

Coueteous Perſon.

YOu that are troubled mith a golden care,
I meane your care of hoording wordly wealth,
Not caring by what meanes or way to reare,
Your ſubſtance be it well got or by ſtealth,
But ſo you haue it hoorded in your bagges,
You care not if your father goe in rags.

What doe you paſſe in flattrie by alurements,
To induce poore ſeruants by a cunning meancs:
To rob their frinds or maiſters, your procurements
Are the ſupporters of oll theeues and queanes.
Raſcalls and runagates you with lickoriſh things,
Are all the way that youth to folly brings.

When pilfring Tom hath bene abroad at worke,
Cheating or picking poketts if he ſcape:
Your are his land-lord at your houſe heele lurke,
Let cunſtable and officers goe ſcrape.
Y'are of ſuch welth by ſuch moſt dam'd defects,
That neuer a man or neighbor you ſuſpect.

Who Maiſter Monymonger a good old man?
And why his mony couers all his crimes:
He walkes demurely with his cap in hand,
More knaue then all the reſt a thouſand times,
But with my whip for all your mony baggs,
I meane to ierre-lick your old knaues ragges.

(Asse,

OAt-meale mouthd gentlemã, get vp your surly
Iohn Suck-egges picture proud, & yet a noddy:
Y'ar stout in heart, behold but in a glasse,
Your Coxcombks picture, and phantastick body..
Y'ar so befashion'd I know not where to find you,
Ere long I trow youl' weare your nose behind you.

All that thou hast in money and in lands,
Tom Taylor seizeth on to please a goose:
Poules alley *Meg*, then she comes in for bands
And cuffes new fashion'd, turne but *Margaret* loose,
For *French* and *Dutch*, for *Spanish* and *Polony*,
Sheel' set you forth in coxcombes shape for money

Then for a Fether to *Black-Friers* gate,
A sword and dagger, bootes & ringling spurres,
Within a weeke the fashion alters, sttaight
Off goes that gallant suite among the curres,
Why what carest thou, thy father hath good lands
The rent but yestet-night came to thy hands.

Yet th'art borne but meanly in degree,
Silly poore Webb, thy fathers goes to plow,
All he can get he's faine to lay on thee;
Another gallant suite a making now:
Worke maister Taylor, pray you worke a pace,
And with my whip the whilst Ile set on lace.

Extortioner.

Extortioner.

THou miſerable caitiffe, which with vſurie,
Extortionably without conſcience doſt encroch
The poore mans liuing, driuen by neceſſitie
To borrow money: let him not approach
Without a band, a gage, a pawne, or ſome amends,
Exceeding ten times that this varlet lends.

If hee foreſlack, or breake but one poore houre,
Neglecting of the paiment of that ſumme
Little or much, then he is in thy power,
Thou ſueſt his bond, poore wretch he is vndone.
His gage or pawne, thou tak'ſt by bill of ſale,
'Tis fully thine, if nere ſo little he faile.

Ten in the hundred, nor twiſe ten to that,
Cannot content thee for thy moneys lone:
If leſſe he proffer then thou telſt him flat,
Thou canſt not lend: the money's not thine owne:
Either thou'lt gall his heart and make it bleed,
Or diſapoint him in his greateſt need.

Impious and cancred Cur, if I ſhould ſpare,
And ſuffer thee to liue in ſuch a kind:
The diuell of hell himſelfe would come and teare
Thee all to peeces: no ile whip thee blind.
For thy extortion which poore man doth nip,
Ile pay the hire, and vſe for't with my whip.

Idle Caterpiller.

AH good-man ſnekesby, tender fingerd roge,
Idle companion, you that will not worke:
But round about the fields and ſtreetes go proge,
And all day in the bowling alley lurke,
Spinning of ſtreat-webs, hunting after playes,
Dice, Cardes, and whores, and all accurſed wayes.

Not being able for thy life to ſet,
Thy hand to any exerciſe or paines:
Towards thy liuing any thing to get,
To goodneſſe neuer thou applieſt thy braines.
Either in Powles all day, thout' ſit and ſleepe,
Elſe to ſome bawdie miching Ale houſe creepe.

How canſt thou ſhift to paſſe away the day,
Either thou muſt haue money or a dew:
Pilfring and ſtealing needs muſt be the way,
Thou art ring-leader of the filthy crew.
Thou fearſt not Marſhall, Newgate, nor Bridewell,
Their puniſhment, thou canſt already tell.

But good-man Raſcall you did neuer ſee,
So fine a clacking whip as I haue made,
To teach your idle skinne actiuitie,
Come hoiſt ariſe, come vp you laſie Iade.
Come hayt a-ree, ile ierke your idle ſides,
The ſlouthfull griefe vpon your ſhoulders rides.

Prophane

Prophane Swearers.

NAay here come they that I haue long expected
Shakebag of *Kent*, and Ruffianly *Dick Coomes*:
Swearing *Black-Will*, the diuels cheefe elected,
The ſeeds and flowers that *Pluto* ſheds & bloomes.
Hels cheefe ſupporters and her royall ſtates,
The very hookes and hinges of her gates.

The name of God, and all his bleſſed ſubſtance,
They ſpare not to blaſpheme and take in vaine:
The ſeed of *Caine*, they are of his alliance,
Bloud-ſuckers, murtherers, and all for gaine.
In ſwearing, and in blood's their chiefeſt boſt,
Another ſect there are, Knights of the poſt.

Which without conſcience will ſweare and ſtare,
Againſt a man they neuer ſaw before:
And petty ſwearers, ſuch as will not ſpare,
To ſet themſelues vpon the diuels ſcore.
Curſing their bodies, facing downe the things,
Which truth apparantly to light oft brings.

You Scoundrels, ſweare, and do the beſt you can,
Swagger, and quarrell, fight, and chafe your fills:
At all your ſundry weapons curſſe and ban,
Ile beat you downe, with all your forreſt bills.
I haue a whip will make your hides to ſmart,
'Twill breake no bones, but ſting you to the heart.

Atheiſt, Anabaptiſt, and
Vnbeleeuers.

THou vnbeleeuing villaine which doeſt thinke,
That heauen & earth & all was made by nature,
Not framd of God: That euen at hel mouthes brink
Thou infidel and moſt for-ſaken creature,
Recant thy Errour for there is a God,
One that can make thee feele his heauy rod.

But thoult not ſticke moſt openly to ſay,
There is no God, the ſcriptures are but fables:
Made and deuiſ'd onely to gaine-ſay,
And to preuent and diſapoint the troubles.
Which one man gainſt the other ſtill doth plot,
For wealth and ſubſtance ſake wert not for that.

Thou liueſt in pompe and pride, thou haſt not felt,
The hand of God, he hath not tought thy ſtate:
Nor laid his finger to decreaſe thy wealth,
He neuer ſought thy ſubſtance to abate,
But ſtill hath ſuffred thee to abuſe his name,
Looking at length thou ſhouldſt thy ſelfe reclaime.

Yet thou in wickednes doſt wander ſtill,
And wouldeſt continew in thy blaſphemie:
Ile ſee thee hangd ere thou ſhallt haue thy will,
To Gods diſhonor *Sathans* cheifeſt enemie.
For Ile ſo whip you that you ſhall beleeue,
The Diuells hornes doe hold you by the ſleeue.

Punkes

Punks, and Shameles VVhores.

TAllow faced whores, diſeaſed with the Poxe,
Through moſt inordinat and filthy luſt:
Trickt vp and trimmed in your harlots locks,
All to conceale your filthy Cancred ruſt.
And to bring youth by your alluring words,
To all the miſcheife that the world affords.

To rob and ſteale to pillfer and purloyne,
Their maiſters goods, and all that they can get:
To tricke and trime and make your bodies fine,
How they come by it you doe not reſpect.
When they haue got what they can rap and run,
Youle be the firſt ſhall hang them if you can.

Your dainty mouthes long after ſweeteſt fare,
You muſt haue wine the beſt that can be gotten:
Faith Miſtres *Suſan*, a caudle is very rare,
I but alas long time it cannot cotten.
Though for a while you rub it out in pride,
Yet at the length your whordome will be ſpied.

Where are you then, faith cleane out of requeſt,
Deteſted loathed, vtterly forſaken,
Noted and flouted like a ſhameles beaſt,
With my whip therfore you muſt now be beaten,
Of with your Maske and all your whores attire,
Ile lace your skirts with whipcord ſtrung with wier

Bawdes

Bawdes.

NOw Mother *Beeton* where dwell you? you Iade
For ſooth i'the lane that leads to ſpittlefeild:
What occupation are you whats your trade?
My houſe a pretty wench forſooth will yeeld.
A pot of good ale good wine or a fire,
You ſhall haue any thing you can deſire.

Your trades to luſke (you Iade) a bout the Innes,
To ſee what country wenches come to towne.
To ſeeke for ſeruice then this witch begins,
To ſpeake them faire: I pray ſweet hart ſit downe,
Y'are weary I wooſſe what doe yee want a ſeruice,
Ile helpe you to a very gallaint miſtres.

Sheele giue great wages if ſo be ſhe like you,
Pray goe with me Ile bring you to her ſpeach:
What can you waſh or ſtarch well (I beſeeke you)
She bids her drinke then with a Crafty fetch,
The gallant miſtris wich ſhe doth prouide,
Tis Meg was carted at Alhallantide.

Where ſhe continewes not a moneth or more,
But ſhe is mad as bold as any other:
A ſhame-leſſe ſtrumpet and an arraunt whore,
One that will cut the throat of her owne brother,
Old Iade Ile whip thee ſoundly th'art th'vndoing,
Of many maides and Comely proper women.

Make-

Makebates & tatling Goſsips.

YOu that at Conduicts,and ſuch other places,
The ale-houſe,bake-houſe,or the waſhing block
Meet daily,talking with your brazen faces,
Of peoples matters which concerne you not.
You ſowe ſuch diſcord twixt the man and wife,
You ſet a thouſand at debate and ſtrife.

With truly Goſſip, ſuch a one doth this,
And *Williams* wife went forth with *Iohn* the Cooper:
Simon calld *Suſan* whore: why truly *Siſſe*:
Frauncis and *Marie*'s gone abroad to ſupper.
Were it my caſe,as it is mother *Iones*,
Ide teare the fleſh from off the villaines bones.

What's this concerning you or your affaires,
Your minde ſhould onely be about your worke:
To earne your liuing ſhould be all your care,
And not by th'ale-houſe fire ſtill to lurke.
Gaging your husbands goods for Ale and Beere,
Youl' ſell your ſmocks & kerchers for good cheere.

Get home you *Mawkes* from off your goſſips ſeat,
Take heed of medling any more of others:
Ile make your back,your ſides and ſhoulders ſweat,
And ierke you till you ſhed your Goſſips fethers.
Turne vp your tippet, Ile teach you to prate,
Your ſhoulders and my whip are falne at bate.

Lyers.

HEre comes a proper child, a well fac't youth,
With very neat apparrell, comely making:
Where haue you bene my child? forſooth in truth
I was but where my mothers maide's a baking,
O lying villaine, all this liue-long day,
He hath beene with the cut-purſe boyes at play.

What this is one of theſe that cannot ſpeake
Three words, but two of them ſhall be a lie:
Is grace gone from you? is your faith ſo weake,
To ſtand in falſhood? what's the cauſe or why?
Or who ſhould moue thee thus to ſpeake the word,
Which can no truth nor certaintie affoord.

Thy credit's crackt, there's no man that will truſt
If thou ſhouldſt tell a thouſand certaine tales: (thee
All honeſt men abandon and deteſt thee,
Each true man cryes out, and vpon thee railes.
They doe eſchew, abandon and deteſt
A lier, worſe then any ſauage beaſt.

Nimble tongu'd *Nicholas* (as the Prouerbe ſaith)
He that will lie will ſteale: but as for you,
I haue a whip will remedie in faith,
The tripping of your tongues not ſpeaking true.
Vntruſſe you Raſcall, nay a knaue ſo young,
Muſt learne to rule his falſe and lying tongue.

Panders

Panders & Apple-ſquires.

GEntlemen Seruiters, and the chiefe reteiners,
To old *Meg Curtis*, and her bawdie tennants,
Mall Cleuelyes pages, though but little gainers,
For in a conſcience you become their ſeruants.
Onely to haue your bawdrie of free-coſt,
Y'ar good-man of the houſe, y'ar cald mine hoſt.

You colour whordome in an antique ſhew,
Youl' walke before a whore in a blew coate,
Or liuery cloake, your ſword and dagger to,
Your bootes all durty in a ſpotted Hatte,
She like a country-Gentlewoman wanders,
After your heeles to bawdie raſcals chambers.

And thus you liue vpon a whores reuerſion,
Vpholding them in all their whoriſh doings:
'Tis good you ſhould, why 'tis your occupation,
To entertaine their clients in their woings. (quite
When you haue made them drunke, youl' rob them
Of all they haue, and turne them out at night.

O y'ar a notable and a cheting rogue,
Who'ld thinke your maple-face ſhould haue it in
To rob a man and after like a Dog, (you,
To lay him downe well neere a furlong from you,
Come you baſe ſlaue, and hold your tippet vp,
For you ſhall drinke though but of a drie cup.

Witches, Sorcerers, Coniurers, and Enchanters:

YOu Canckred old whore, you whoſe noſe and (chinne
Touch one another y'ar ſo old and crooked
when you ſhold mind your ſoules health, you begin
To wax vnluckie, who iſt that prouoked,
Your beldams skinne to witchcraft and ſuch euell,
But euen your father *Lucifer* the diuell:

You *Nigro mazell* in the diuells liknes,
Clothed in blacke with white rod in your hand:
You that can coniure all the clowdes to thicknes,
Bluſtring and rayning, troubling all the land.
Which are inveſted ſo with helliſh ſkill,
You blow downe trees and houſes when you will,

Troubling and perplexing euery creature,
With fiery lightnings thunderclapps and ſhowers,
The heauen yet keepes them from your fiery mea-
And vtterly euerts your helliſh powers, (ture,
When al your witchcrafts paſt and earth be ſhaken
Dericke will truſſe you vp when your are taken.

als Jack Ketch

But ere you goe for all your laſt offences,
Vnluckines and troubling of the land:
Behold my whip; heres one that recompences,
All the whole rogry you haue tooke in hand.
For al your witchcrafts ſhowers of raine & thunder
I thinke my whip will make your ſholders wonder.

Beggers,

Beggers, Idle Roges, and Coun-

terfet madmen.

YOu ſturdy roges and harlots that doe lie,
Begging and crauing ſtill at euery dore:
Some vpon ſtiltes and crouches, ſome there be,
That neuer ſhew your ſelues but alwaies poore,
Vnder the collour of thoſe tattred raggs,
You hord great ſummes of mony in your baggs.

Another ſort there is among you: They,
Doe rage with furie as if they were ſo frantique,
They knew not what they did but euery day,
Make ſport with ſtick and flowers, like an antique.
Stowt roge and harlot counterfeted gomme,
One calls her ſelfe poore Beſſe the other Tom.

Yar able all to ſerue and doe good worke,
Were not the rootes of rogry ſo enrooted:
Within your lazie bodies: that you lurke,
In fields or hedges dawbed and bebooted.
Vp to the very eyes in durt and mire,
Bridewell hath often paid you for your hire.

But thats a thing of nothing for y'haue fellt,
All the whole puniſhment *Bridewell* can yeeld:
I tell you iolly yongſters I haue ſmelt,
A whip out for you which you cannot ſhild,
Nor yet defend your ſelues by all your ſhiftes,
From taſting of his franke and liberall gifts.

Fooles and Flattering Maple-faces

YOu whome the Lord with wit hath ſo endued,
With knowledge and perfection of skill:
Yet for the want of grace it is eſchewed,
Folly embraced, hauing wit at will,
Amongſt the wiſe th'art holden as a ſcoffe,
To make thy ſelfe a foole and others laugh.

Th'art faine like *Gnato*, as a fawning Curre,
To flatter and to ſooth men for thy liuing:
Vp holding them in each Contrarie word,
Be it trew or falſe thy ſentence thou art giuing.
A flatring and deceitfull tongue, and lying,
Diſpiſe their owne good, others th'are envying.

Thou like a foole with coxcome, motley coat,
Ladle and pudding and a thouſand toyes:
Goeſt like a cokes an noddy and a ſot,
Derided by a hundred little boyes.
O tis a proper ſight to ſee your perſon,
In all your fooliſh robes and flattring faſhion,

Come let me ſee how finely you can flatter,
To ſaue your Pakes and ſhoulder from the whip:
Your ſides wil quake, your butocks they wil clatter
When you ſhall feele the ſmart, I know youl skip
Out of coxecomes coat, and leaue your ladell,
The whipp for ſucha fooles afitter bable.

Crewell

Crewell Maſters and dames.

YOu crewell maſters that be put in truſt,
For bringing vp of youth in Godly feare:
To learne their trades, in godly kind Iuſt,
The keeping of their portions all your care.
Whether they haue their trades or haue them not,
Why what care you, when mony you haue got.

You doe deteyne that is ſufficient from them,
In meat and drinke and other needfull things:
If they purloyne or ſteale who can condemne them
Tis your owne ſelues, that youth to folly brings.
Yet not withſtanding if they doe offend,
Be ſure to bownce them; neuer ſeeke to mend.

Or find redreſſe in Iuſtice that they leaue,
Their naughty kind of negligence vncarefullnes:
But miſtris minkes your wife for ſooth muſt haue,
Her pennyworth from their pates, in hatefullnes,
Ready to beat out ſilly chilldrens braines,
(If they offend but little) for their paines.

Becauſe miſuſing ſeruants is ſo good,
And want of needfull things that they ſhould haue:
You dogged queane put of your crewell hood,
Your coat & ſmock, down with your hoſe ſir knaue
You ſhall receaue the thing the which you need,
My whip ſhall make your ſides and ſhoulders bleed.

Vncon-ſci-

Vnconſcionable and vngodly

Seruants.

AND you in whō bad conſcience hath ſuch root,
That you reſpect not, ſo you haue your fills
Of neceſſary things: it makes no boote
What worke you doe: you lacks and ſawcie Iills.
In maiſters abſence paſſe the time away,
In loytring or in ſleeping all the day.

Your eye-lids muſt be open'd, you be taught
To leaue your filching, and ſuch other vice,
Looke heere's my whip, it ſerueth not for naught,
Make ready quick, Ile cleach you in a trice,
A ſounder ſet of ſlaues cannot be found,
Twere good to whip about, another round.

But as you like the cheere which you haue had,
Fall to your knaueries againe once more:
This gentle warning is not halfe ſo bad,
As next will be, if you be on my ſcore.
If you offend, the next time I will haue,
A Tree and halter for a ſawcie knaue.

But my deſire is that we may bee friends,
And all the world leaue their diſorder quite,
If you do ſo, ile make you all amends,
Ile breake my corde, and fling away my whip.
Into my Iewrie you ſhall all be taken,
When you haue all your knaueries off ſhaken.

FINIS.